A

NARRATIVE

OF

God's Gracious Dealings

With that Choice Christian

Mrs. *HANNAH ALLEN*,

(Afterwards Married to Mr. *Hatt*,)

RECITING

The great Advantages the Devil made of her deep Melancholy, and the Triumphant Victories, Rich and Sovereign Graces, God gave her over all his Stratagems and Devices.

O Lord! I am oppressed, undertake for me. Esay xxx. 14.

We are not ignorant of his Devices. 2 Cor. ii. 11.

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TO THE

READER.

THE *Soul of Man hath a ſingular affection for its own Body, rejoycing in its Proſperity, and ſympathizing with it in all its Maladies, Miſeries, and Neceſſities. Hence if the Body be out of frame and tune, the Soul cannot be well at eaſe. As the moſt skilful Muſician cannot make any pleaſing melody upon an unſtringed or broken Inſtru-*

ment. The blood and humours are the Souls Organs, by which it doth exert its actions. If these be well temper'd and kept in a balance, Ordinarily there is an inward calm serenity upon the Spirit. Ordinarily I say: For in some cases the most chearful Temper may be broken down and overwhelmed either by the immediate impressions of God's wrath upon the Soul, or the letting loose of those Bandogs of Hell to affright and terrifie it. This is no strange News to any one acquainted with the Scriptures, or the Records of the Church in its several Ages, or that hath been conversant with the most humble, serious and mortified Christians. Infinite Wisdom hath seen it fitting to keep his Saints from Hell for ever,

ever, by caſting them as it were into Hell *for a time. It being too much for the choiceſt Saints to have two* Heavens, *one in* Earth, *and another in* Glory. *Fleſh is kept from Putrefaction by powdring it in* Salt *and* Brine: *and* Gold *loſeth nothing of its* Worth *by being melted in the* Furnace. *To wave the broken bones of* David, *the terrors and diſtractions of* Heman, *the groans, chatterings, mournings and preſſing oppreſſions of* Hezekiah; *That* Mirrour *of* Patience, Job, *will tell us how much he ſuffered and that immediately too from* God *and his own* God. *He had as well as* Father Abraham, *an horrour of great darkneſs upon him. He was ſkared with Viſions, terrified with* Dreams, *the poyſoned Arrows of*

the Almighty were ſhot into his very Soul, the venom whereof drank up his ſpirits, and made him chooſe Strangling rather than Life. Poſſibly he had his Temptations to Self-murder as well as ſome others fearing God under horrour. Hence you need not wonder at their impatiency, and in their agonies at blaſphemous expreſſions. When I have heard from the mouth of an eminent and holy Miniſter of Chriſt, that once counted himſelf a Reprobate, undone and to be damn'd for ever, and was no longer able to ſubſiſt under the weight and burden of Everlaſting and Almighty Wrath, (and who indeed can, if God ſhould let it out upon him?) That he hated God, yea hated him perfectly, becauſe he was his

Judge

Judge and Adverſary, tho' a moſt loving and tender-hearted Father to his Saints; *When I read of miſerable* Spira's wiſhing himſelf above God; *I do not in the leaſt ſtrange at ſuch intemperate expreſſions, conſidering that God, and their Enemy doth blow the Coals, and it may be dictate the very words to them.*

Chriſtian Reader, *Peruſe ſuch Inſtances as theſe, and* this of a Now-glorified Soul preſented to thee, *with fear and trembling. How knoweſt thou but it may be thine own Caſe? Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall. The peace, the comforts, the quiet, the joys natural and ſpiritual, they are all from Grace; you have no longer a Leaſe of them, no longer*

term of injoying them than the good will and pleaſure of him that dwelt in the burning Buſh. If God revoke his own gifts, hide his face, let looſe the Tempter, awaken that ſleeping Fury in thy boſom, let down but the ſmalleſt drop of his Wrath into thy Conſcience, thy foundations will be ſhaken, and the mountain of thy peace will be hurled into a gulf of diſmal ſorrows.

Learn then to hate Sin, all Sin bitterly and implacably, to avoid it univerſally and continually. Be humble and vile in thine own eyes, and walk humbly with thy God. Set upon a through Reformation. Becauſe of Leviathan's *up-raiſing himſelf, the Mighty are afraid; by reaſon of breakings, the very Sinners purify themſelves. God cau-*

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tions Saints, and alarms Sinners by such flaming Beacons. If these things be done in the green Tree, what will not be done in the dry? Keep no Idol, and beware of making inward comfort an Idol. This provokes God to Jealousy. The Christian's Life is not a life of Sense but of Faith. We walk by Faith, saith the Apostle, and not by sight. Faith closing with the precious Promises, feeding upon the All-sufficient Merits of an unseen Jesus, bringeth in through the holy Ghost, peace, that peace of God, which passeth all understanding, into the Believer's Soul. But then too, this Faith doth purify the Heart, expelleth all inward filth, conniveth, indulgeth not unto any the least sin; but puts the Soul up-

on skirmiſhing with it, and gets through the power of Chriſt, victory over it. Otherwiſe the troubles will return, as the Clouds after the Rain. The leaſt briſs in the Eye ſhall create grief. The leaſt core of bitterneſs in the Wound ſhall cauſe it wrankle afreſh. The ſmalleſt leak in the Ship, not ſeen, will ſink it; and as multitudes have been killed with Swords and Canons, ſo others with Stillettoes and Needles, with what the injudicious Worldling calls a Peccadillo, lurking in the Soul.

Walk then, Chriſtian Reader, *in thine integrity. He that walketh uprightly walketh ſafely. Live ſtill in dependance upon thy Crucified Lord. All thy ſprings are in him, all thy ſtreams are from him. With joy ſhall you draw waters of*

Conſo-

Consolations, reviving Cordials from the wounds of thy dear and dying Saviour. Hide thy self always in the clefts of that blessed Rock of Ages, and thou wilt find there as all the Saints have done in all Ages, a glorious high Throne of Sovereign Mercy for thy Sanctuary. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and unto such will he reveal his Covenant. Love the Lord Jesus intirely, supremely and transcendently; and remember that such as love him shall be beloved and saved by him.

As to Scoffers and Mockers at such Relations, that Burlesque and Ridicule these great Instances of Divine Providence, I shall say nothing but that 'tis the Sin of our Age, foretold 1600 Years ago, accomplished

pliſhed in our Days, and an Exerciſe for the preſent, and poſſibly for ſurviving Saints. Here is the Faith and Patience of Saints, to keep the Teſtimony of Jeſus, and walk Evenly in his ways in the midſt of thorns and precipices, and when they are reputed the Worlds Monſters, and the Drunkards Song for ſo doing. Laugh he that laughs laſt. The Saints are in heavineſs through many Afflictions and Deſertions for a little time; but Sinners ſhall be at laſt overwhelmed by them for evermore. Their joyful Comedy will have a moſt Tragick iſſue. Our bleſſed Lord hath inform'd his Diſciples, that they ſhould weep and lament, but the World ſhould rejoyce; that they ſhould be ſorrowful, but their Sor-

row

row ſhould be turned into Joy, and their Joy no man ſhould take from them. But the wicked is driven away in his wickedneſs: Before the Pots can feel the thorns, God ſhall take them away as with a Whirl-wind, both living and in his wrath.

Thy Soul-friend and

Servant for *Jeſus* ſake.

London Feb. 3.
1681.

SATAN'S

Methods and *Malice*

BAFFLED, &c.

I *Hannah Allen*, the late Wife of *Hannibal Allen* Merchant, was born of Religious Parents; my Father was Mr. *John Archer* of *Snelſton* in *Derby-ſhire*, who took to Wife, the Daughter of Mr. *William Hart* of *Uttoxeter Woodland* in *Stafford-ſhire*, who brought me up in the fear of God from my Childhood;

Childhood; and about Twelve Years of Age, for my better Education, ſent me up to *London* in the Year 1650, to my Father's Siſter Mrs. *Ann Wilſon*, the Wife of Mr. *Samuel Wilſon*, Merchant, then Living in *Aldermanbury*, and after ſome time ſpent there, and at School, I being not well in Health, had a deſire to go down for a time to my Mother, being a Widow, (my Father dying when I was very young) where I ſtaid almoſt two Years. In which time and a little before my going down, it pleaſed God to work in me earneſt breathings after the ways of God, but the enemy of my Soul ſtriving to cruſh ſuch hopeful beginnings in the bud.

bud, caſt in horrible blaſphemous thoughts and injections into my mind, inſomuch that I was ſeldom free day or night, unleſs when dead ſleep was upon me. But I uſed to argue with my ſelf to this purpoſe, Whether if I had a Servant that I knew loved me, and deſired in all things to pleaſe me, and yet was ſo forced againſt his will to do that which was contrary to my mind, whether I would think ever the worſe of him, ſeeing I knew what he did was to his grief. And by ſuch thoughts as theſe, it pleaſed God to give me ſome ſupport wherein his goodneſs did the more appear in caſting ſuch thoughts into my mind; I being young, and alſo bearing

this

this burthen alone, not ſo much as acquainting my Mother with it, but by degrees theſe Temptations grew to that height, that I was perſwaded I had ſinned the Unpardonable Sin: With theſe dreadful Temptations I privately conflicted for ſome Months, not revealing it (as I ſaid) to any one, thinking with my ſelf that never any was like me, and therefore was loath to make my Condition known: I would often in my thoughts wiſh I might change Conditions with the vileſt Perſons I could think of, concluding there was hopes for them though not for me: that Scripture in the 57. of *Iſa.* the two laſt Verſes, did exceedingly terrify me, *But the wicked*

are like the troubled Sea, when it cannot reſt, whoſe waters caſt up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, ſaith my God. In this ſad and perplexed ſtate, upon a Sabbath day, my Mother having been reading in the Family in one of bleſſed Mr. *Bolton*'s Books, and being ready to go with them to Church; I thought with my ſelf, To what purpoſe ſhould I go to hear the Word, ſince, as I thought, all means whatſoever for the good of my Soul were in vain, but the ſame time I careleſly turning over Mr. *Bolton*'s Book as it lay on the Table, lighted on a place that directly treated on my Caſe; which it pleaſed God ſo to bleſs; that I was ſo much comforted

and ſtrengthned, that I recovered for that time from my Deſpairing condition, and ſo continued for ſeveral years with good hopes of the love of God in Chriſt towards me, yet ſtill continually aſſaulted with Temptations, but with leſs violence than before. After my abode in the Countrey almoſt two years with my Mother, I returned to *London* to my Uncle and Aunt *Wilſon*; by whom about a Year and four Months after, I was diſpoſed of in Marriage to Mr. *Hannibal Allen*, but ſtill lived with my Uncle and Aunt *Wilſon* till after my Uncle dyed; and was about this time admitted to the Sacrament by Mr. *Calamy*, with good approbation: And in the time of

his

his Life, I was frequently exercised with variety of Temptations, wherein the Devil had the more advantage I being much inclined to Melancholy, occasioned by the oft absence of my dear and affectionate Husband, with whom I lived present and absent about eight Years; and soon after he went his last Voyage, I went into the Countrey to live with my Aunt *Wilson*, who was now a Widow, and returned to live at *Snelston* with my aged Mother, she being Married again and living elsewhere; but in few Months after I heard of the death of my Husband (for he dyed beyond Sea) I began to fall into deep Melancholy, and no sooner did this black humour

begin to darken my Soul, but the Devil ſet on with his former Temptations, which at firſt were with leſs violence and frequent intermiſſions, but yet with great ſtruglings and fightings within me; as I would expreſs it (to my Aunt) I am juſt as if two were fighting within me, but I truſt, the Devil will never be able to overcome me; then I would repeat ſeveral promiſes ſuitable to my condition, and read over my former experiences that I had writ down, as is hereafter expreſſed, and obligations that I had laid upon my ſelf, in the preſence of God, and would ſay, Aunt, I hope I write not theſe things in Hypocriſie, I never intended any Eye ſhould ſee them; but

but the Devil ſuggeſteth dreadful things to me againſt God, and that I am an Hypocrite. At the firſt I began to complain that I found not that comfort and refreſhment in Prayer as I was wont to do, and that God withdrew his comforting and quickening Preſence from me.

When I had ſeen the Bible, I would ſay, oh that bleſſed Book that I ſo delighted in once! the Devil was ſtrongly aſſaulting my Faith, and I ſeemed ready to be overcome, I anſwered the Tempter within my ſelf in the bitterneſs of my Spirit; *Well, if I periſh, God muſt deny himſelf.*

See the difference betwixt the voice of Faith, and the Lan-

guage of Deſpair. At another time I cannot be ſaved becauſe God cannot deny himſelf; The truth is, it had been moſt of all worth the Publiſhing my Expreſſions in the time of my Combating with Sathan at the beginning of my Affliction, but thoſe paſſages are moſt of all forgotten. One houſ my hope was firm, and the next hour ready to be overwhelmed.

This began in *Feb.* 63. but it grew worſe and worſe upon me notwithſtanding ſuch means was uſed both by Phyſick and Journeys to ſeveral Friends for Diverſion. The laſt Journey I took upon this account, was to a good Friend of mine, a Miniſter, Mr. *John Shorthoſe*, who

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was related to me by Marriage, who lived about Thirty Miles distance, where I still grew much worse, and my continual course there, was to be asking him Questions whether the truth of Grace could consist with such sins, for then I began to fear I was an Hypocrite, and that place I thought upon with much dread, in *Job* viii. 13. *The Hypocrites hope shall perish*; nor had I any ease longer than I was thus discoursing with him, for though he often silenced my Objections, and I seemed for the present to be much satisfied, yet he was no sooner gone from me, but my troubles returned afresh, insomuch that his Wife would often send for him home when he was but gone

into the Fields. While I was there the Devil would ſuggeſt ſomething to this purpoſe to me, *That when I was gone from him, he would torment me.* After ſome ſtay there, I returned home again, where quickly I began to grow into deep Deſpair. It was my cuſtom for ſeveral years before to write in a Book I kept for that purpoſe in Short-Hand, the Promiſes, together with my Temptations and other afflictions, and my experiences how God delivered me out of them, mixing therewith Prayer and Praiſes, which practice I continued till I was overwhelmed with deſpair, ſome few paſſages whereof are here inſerted as they were written in my deep diſtreſs.

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This Book in my Affliction I would oft ſay, would riſe up in Judgment againſt me. As I was walking with my Couſin, Mrs. *Shorthoſe*, a Woman curſed and ſware ſadly; *Ah Couſin*, ſaid I, *I have abhorred ſuch Company all my Life, therefore I hope they ſhall not be my Companions to Eternity.*

This being the 20th. *Feb.* 63. is a time of great trouble and bitter Melancholy, and one great cauſe is for want of the light of God's Countenance; and for fear that if I ſhould have any mercy ſhewed me, I ſhould abuſe it; and my wretchedly deceitful heart be drawn aſide from God (for I am only fit for the School of Affliction;) and on the other hand, if

if God ſhould ſend ſome further trials, I ſhould ſink under them; and my Life be made a burthen to me.

But (Lord) ſure this is the voice of my wretched unbelieving heart; The Lord for Chriſt's ſake, fit me for what ever thou wilt do with me, that I may have power again Sin and Satan, and enjoy the light of thy Countenance, and then do with me what thou wilt: Oh that I might prevail with my Lord, for Chriſt's ſake, for graces ſuitable to every condition, and that I may be able to improve every mercy, and every affliction, to thy glory and the comfort of my poor Soul, and that I may be uſeful in my Generation and not be burthenſom; Lord pity my ſtate for Chriſt's

Christ's sake, who hath never left me in my trials.

The sixth of *April* 64. The truth is I know not well what to say, for as yet I am under sad Melancholy, and sometimes dreadful Temptations, to have hard thoughts of my deareſt Lord (The leaſt assenting to which by his grace I dread more than Hell it self) Temptations to impatience and despair, and to give up all for loſt; and to close with the Devil and forsake my God, which the Almighty for Christ's sake forbid: These Temptations were with dreadful violence. Besides, my Melancholy hath bad effects upon my body, greatly impairing my

my Health: Truly there is ſometimes ſuch a woful confuſion and combating in my Soul, that I know not what to do; And now my earneſt Prayer to my Lord is this, (which I truſt for Chriſt's ſake he will not deny me, though I cannot beg it with ſuch earneſt affections as I ſhould, yet I hope my heart is ſincere) that for my ſweet Redeemer's ſake he would preſerve me from Sin and give me ſtrength of Faith; and Self-denial and patience to wait upon him, and ſubmit to him; and let him do with me what he pleaſeth:

My God, I know thou haſt (for ever adored be thy Majeſty) appeared for me in many great and ſore

ſore ſtraits; for the Lord Jeſus ſake now appear in mercy for me; that I may have exceeding cauſe to bleſs thee for this thy mercy alſo, and give me an aſſurance that thou art mine, and that thou wilt never leave me, till thou haſt brought me to thy Self in glory.

The 12th. of *May*, 64. Still my time of great diſtreſs and ſore trials continues, ſometimes the Devil tempts me wofully to hard and ſtrange thoughts of my dear Lord; which (through his mercy) I dread and abhor the aſſenting to more than Hell it ſelf; in a word, every day at preſent ſeems a great burthen to me; My earneſt Prayer is, 'For the Lords ſake, that if

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'it be thy holy will, I might not 'periſh in this great affliction 'which hath been of ſo long 'continuance, and is ſo great 'ſtill notwithſtanding means uſed, 'however for the Lords ſake, let 'it be Sanctified to my eternal 'good, and give me grace ſuitable 'to my condition, and ſtrength 'to bear my burthen, and then 'do with me what thou wilt; I 'know not what to ſay; the 'Lord pity me in every reſpect 'and appear for me, in theſe 'my great ſtraits both of Soul and 'Body; I know not what to do, I 'ſhall be undone; This I write to ſee what God will do with me, whether ever he will deliver me out of ſuch a diſtreſs as this; that I may have cauſe to praiſe

praiſe and adore his name in the Land of the Living; 'Lord, 'comfort me and ſupport me and 'revive me for Chriſt's ſake.

May 26th. 64. 'I deſire (which 'the Lord help me to do) ex-'ceedingly to bleſs and praiſe 'thy Majeſty that hath yet in 'ſome meaſure ſupported me un-'der theſe dreadful trials and 'temptations, which do yet con-'tinue and have been woful upon 'me, for almoſt four Months toge-'ther; For Chriſt's ſake pity my 'caſe, or elſe I know not what 'to do; and do not deny me 'ſtrength to bear up under my 'burthen; and for the Lord's 'ſake grant, whatever thou doſt 'with me, that one Sin may not

'be

'be in me, unrepented of or 'unmortified; Do with me what 'thou wilt as to the Creature, ſo 'thou wilt ſubdue my ſins, and 'chain up Sathan, and ſmile up-'on my Soul; Lord, I know 'not what to do, only mine Eyes 'are up to thee, the Devil ſtill 'keeps me under dreadful bon-'dage, and in ſad diſtreſs and 'wo, but bleſſed be my God, 'that he doth not lay npon me 'all afflictions at once; that my 'Child is ſo well, and that I have 'ſo many other mercies, which 'the Lord open my Eyes to ſee; 'eſpecially that Chriſt is mine, 'for the Lord's ſake, and then 'I have enough.

After this I writ no more, but this and much more I writ before my laſt Journey aforeſaid, for by that time I came back, I ſoon after fell into deep Deſpair, and my language and condition grew ſadder than before. Now little to be heard from me, but lamenting my woful ſtate, in very ſad and dreadful Expreſſions; As that I was undone for ever; that I was worſe than *Cain* or *Judas*; that now the Devil had overcome me irrecoverably; that this was what he had been aiming at all along; Oh the Devil hath ſo deceiv'd me as never any one was deceived; he made me believe my condition was good when I was a curſed Hypocrite.

One night, I ſaid there was a great clap of Thunder like the ſhot of a Piece of Ordnance, came down directly over my Bed; and that the ſame night, a while after, I heard like the voice of two Young Men ſinging in the Yard, over againſt my Chamber; which I ſaid were Devils in the likeneſs of Men, ſinging for joy that they had overcome me; and in the morning as I was going to riſe, that Scripture in the 10th. of *Heb.* and the laſt words of the 26th. Verſe, was ſuggeſted to me from Heaven (as I thought) *There remains no more Sacrifice for ſin*; And this deluſion remained with me as an Oracle all along; that by this miracle of the Thunder, and

and the Voice and the Scripture, God revealed to me that I was Damned: When my Aunt asked me, *Do you think God would work a Miracle to convince you that you are rejected? it is contrary to the manner of God's proceedings; we do not read of such a thing in all the Scripture.*

My Answer was, *Therefore my condition is unparalell'd, there was never such an one since God made any Creature either Angels or Men, nor never will be to the end of the world.*

One night as I was sitting by the fire, all of a sudden I said I should dye presently; whereupon my Aunt was called; to whom I said, *Aunt, I am just dying, I cannot live an hour if there were*

no more in the world; in this opinion I continued a great while, every morning saying, *I should dye before night*, and every night, *before morning*: when I was thus in my dying condition, I often begged earnestly of my Aunt to bring up my Child strictly, that if it were possible, he might be saved, though he had such a Mother.

Many places of Scripture I would repeat with much terrour, applying them to my self; as *Jer.* vi. 29, 30. *The bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed of the fire; the Founder melteth in vain; Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them*; Ezek. xxiv. 13. *In thy filthiness is lewdness, because I have*

I have purged thee and thou waſt not purged; thou ſhalt not be purged from thy filthineſs any more, till I have cauſed my fury to reſt upon thee: Luke xiii. 24. *Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate, for many I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in and ſhall not be able:* This laſt Scripture I would expreſs with much paſſionate weeping, ſaying, *This is a dreadful Scripture, I ſought, but not in a right way; for the Devil blinded mine eyes, I ſought to enter but was not able.*

When both my inward and outward diſtempers grew to ſuch a height, my Aunt acquainted my Friends at *London* with my condition, for at *London* I had formerly had four loving Un-

cles, my Father's brethren; two whereof were then living, and a Brother of my own, that was ſet up in his Trade: Theſe adviſed to ſend me up to *London*; there being the beſt means both for Soul and Body; in order to which Mrs. *Wilſon* ſent to intreat my Mother to accompany me to *London*; (for at that time ſhe could not leave her Family ſo long) who accordingly came, but ſhe found it a hard work to perſwade me to this Journey; for I ſaid *I ſhould not live to get to the Coach, but I muſt go and dye by the way to pleaſe my friends:* I went up in the *Tamworth* Coach, ſo that it was Twenty two Miles thither; *Tueſday* was the day we ſet forwards on; and

on

on that day in particular, the Devil had ſuggeſted to me (the *Friday* before) *that I muſt dye and be with him*; and this the more confirmed me in my fear: My Aunt went with me that days journey, which was firſt to *Tamworth* on Horſe-back, and from thence Nine Miles farther in the Coach to *Nun-Eton*, which was a long journey, for one ſo weak and ill as I was. My Aunt complaining of wearineſs; *Ah*, ſaid I, *but what muſt I do, that muſt have no reſt to all eternity:* The next morning I would fain have returned back with my Aunt, but there we parted, and I went forward with my Mother, and a very ſad Journey my Mother had with me, for every

Morning ſhe had no ſmall trouble to perſwade me to riſe to go on my Journey; I would earneſtly argue againſt it, and ſay, *I ſhall ſurely dye by the way, and had I not better dye in bed? Mother, do you think people will like to have a dead Corps in the Coach with them?* but ſtill at laſt my Mother with much patience and importunity prevailed with me: As I paſſed along the way, if I ſaw a Church, as ſoon as I caſt mine eyes upon it, it was preſently ſuggeſted to me, that's a Hell-houſe with a kind of indignation; and this I thought was from my ſelf, and therefore never ſpoke of it till after my recovery, for I thought if it had been known how vile I was, I

muſt

muſt have been put to ſome horrible death: When I ſaw any black Clouds gather, or the Wind riſe (as we went along) I preſently concluded that ſome dreadful thing would fall out to ſhew what an One I was.

When I came to *London*, I went to my Brother's Houſe in *Swithens-lane*, where my Mother ſtaid with me about three Weeks or a Month, in which time I took much Phyſick of one Mr. *Cocket* a Chymiſt that lived over the way, but ſtill I was, as I thought, always dying; and I yet wearying my Mother with ſuch fancies and ſtories; One Evening my Mother ſaid to me, *Well, if you will believe you ſhall be ſaved if you dye not*

this

this night, I will believe all that you ſay to be true if you do dye this night; to this ſhe agreed, and in the night about one a Clock (as we thought) the Maid being newly gone out of the Chamber to Bed, but left a Watch-light burning, we both heard like the hand of a Gyant, knock four times together on the Chamber door, which made a great noiſe (the Door being Wainſcot;) then ſaid I, *You ſee, Mother, though I dyed not to night, the Devil came to let you know that I am damn'd*; my Mother anſwered, *but you ſee he had no power to come into the Chamber.*

Soon after this my Mother returned home into the Countrey, and left me in my Brother's houſe,

houſe, who was a young Man unmarried, and had only a Man and a Maid, and he much abroad himſelf about his occaſions; and now my opinion of Dying ſuddenly began to leave me, therefore I concluded that God would not ſuffer me to dye a natural death; but that I ſhould commit ſome fearful abomination, and ſo be put to ſome horrible death: One day my Brother going along with me to Doctor *Pridgeon*, as we came back, I ſaw a company of Men with Halberds, *Look*, *Brother*, ſaid I, *you will ſee ſuch as theſe (one of theſe days) carry me to Newgate*: to prevent which I ſtudied ſeveral ways to make away my ſelf, and I being ſo much alone, and

in

in a large ſolitary Houſe, had the more liberty to endeavour it; firſt I thought of taking *Opium* that I might dye in my Sleep, and none know but that I dyed naturally, (which I deſired that my Child might not be diſgraced by my untimely end,) and therefore ſent the Maid to ſeveral Apothecaries ſhops for it, ſome ſaid they had none, others ſaid it was dangerous and would not ſell it her: Once ſhe had got ſome, and was coming away with it; the Maſter of the Shop coming in, asked what ſhe had, and when he knew, took it from her; (this the Maid told me:) When I had ſent her up and down ſeveral days, and ſaw ſhe could get none; then I got Spi-

ders

ders and took one at a time in a Pipe with Tobacco, but never ſcarce took it out, for my heart would fail me; but once I thought I had been poyſoned; in the night awaking out of my ſleep, I thought I felt death upon me, (for I had taken a Spider when I went to Bed) and called to my Brother and told him ſo, who preſently aroſe and went to his Friend an *Apothecary*, who came and gave me ſomething to expel it; the next day my Uncles and Brother (conſidering the inconveniency of that loneſome Houſe) removed me to Mr. *Peter Walker*'s Houſe, a Hoſier at the Three Crowns in *Newgate-Market*; (whoſe Wife was my Kinſwoman) who received me very

very courteouſly, though I was at that time but an uncomfortable Gueſt.

In the time I was at my Brother's, I had ſtrange apprehenſions that the Lights that were in Neighbouring houſes were apparitions of Devils, and that thoſe Lights were of their making; and if I heard the voice of People talk or read in other houſes, I would not be perſwaded but that it was Devils like Men, talking of me, and mocking at my former reading, becauſe I proved ſuch an Hypocrite.

Madam,

As for the time I was at my Couſin Walker's, *I refer your Ladyſhip*

dyſhip to them, or any Friend elſe that may aſſiſt you; only I have here ſet down ſeveral paſſages, as they came to my mind which paſſed there, which your Ladyſhip may make uſe of as You pleaſe.

One time while I lay at my Couſin *Walker*'s, having promiſed a Friend that was very importunate with me to go to a Sermon with her; about two or three days after, the Devil began to terrifie me for making that promiſe, and ſuggeſted to me, *that I had much better break it than keep it, for I had enough Sermons to anſwer for already*; and ſitting in great diſtreſs, contriving how I might put off my going, the Devil found me out a place

a place on the top of the Houſe, a hole where ſome boards were laid, and there I crowded in my ſelf, and laid a long black Scarf upon me, and put the boards as well as I could to hide me from being found, and there intended to lye till I ſhould ſtarve to death; and all the Family and others concluded I had ſtoln out at the Door unknown to them to go loſe my ſelf in ſome Wood, which I much talked of; but when I had lain there almoſt three days, I was ſo hungry and cold, it being a very ſharp Seaſon, that I was forced to call as loud as I could, and ſo was heard and releaſed from that place.

While

While ſhe was at Mr. *Walker's* houſe, a Miniſter being deſired to come and diſcourſe with her, did come; and finding her in a more dejected ſtate than any he ever ſaw, did oft viſit her, and perceiving little viſible good effect of his conferences with her, propoſed to Preach a Sermon to her, that might ſuit her condition, hoping God might bleſs that Ordinance to her, that ſhe might hear the voice of Joy and Gladneſs, that ſo the bones that God had broken might rejoyce; ſhe conſented to hear his Sermon, and when upon the day appointed he came to diſpence the word, he found her writing the enſuing Lines to diſſuade him.

Sir,

This is to beſeech you as you would detract a few ſcalding drops of the fury of the Almighty from my poor miſerable and ever to be abhorred Soul to all Eternity, that you ceaſe your ſtudy upon any ſubject on my account, and likewiſe your Prayers, and inſtead of that pray to God to rid the World immediately of ſuch a Monſter, who am not only guilty of all the ſins of the Devil, but likewiſe of ſuch crimes as he is not capable of, which you will ſay is incredible, but woe and alas 'tis true.

This is all ſhe had written, the Miniſter coming in unexpectedly prevented what ſhe further intended to write.

After-

Afterwards the Miniſter invited her to his Houſe, where ſhe was above a Week, but very loath to engage in any Duty: The Miniſter's Wife did ſometimes importune her to pray with her, but could not prevail, ſhe always excuſing herſelf from her unfitneſs to take the holy and reverend Name of God within her polluted lips; *Dead Dog, Damn'd Wretch, ſhe dare to ſpeak to the great God*; ſhe expreſſed ſo great an awe and dread of the glorious and fearful Name of God, as diſcovered much grace in her moſt deſponding ſtate, to them that converſed with her. Some years after her recovery, ſhe returning to *London*, came to the aforeſaid Miniſter and his

Wife, declaring to them God's great Goodneſs to her in manifeſting himſelf to her Soul, and returned hearty thanks to them for their tenderneſs to her in her dejected ſtate. From his Obſervation of the ground of her Trouble, he adviſes all Chriſtians to mortifie inordinate Affection to lawful things. *Col.* 3. 5.

I would ſay that *Paſhurs* doom belonged to me, that I was *Magor-Miſſabib*, a Terrour to my ſelf and all my Friends; that I was a Hell upon Earth, and a Devil incarnate; for that which I prayed againſt in hypocriſie, God had brought upon me in reality: for I uſed to have frequently in my Prayers ſuch an expreſſion as this

Jerem. 20. 3.

(apprehending the vileneſs of my Nature) *if God ſhould leave me to my ſelf, I ſhould be an Hell upon Earth, a Terrour to my ſelf and all my Friends*; and becauſe this was in Hypocriſy, therefore God had brought it on me in reality.

Sometimes when they had told me I had been Prayed for, I would ſay, *they did not pray for me, for I was not to be prayed for*; for the Scripture ſaid, *That they who had ſin'd the ſin unto death, were not to be Prayed for*: And when a good Friend of mine Mr. *Blake* came daily and unweariedly to ſee me; I would Ask him, *Why he yet came, ſeeing I rejected his Counſel*; And, *Chriſt bid his Meſſengers ſhake the duſt of their Feet off againſt ſuch.* I would

ſay *Becauſe I have built my Fabrick upon the Sand ſo high, therefore my fall is ſo dreadful*: When I was told of ſome that were poſſeſt with the Devil and were by Prayer diſpoſſeſt, I would reply, *What tell you me of Poſſeſſion, I cared not if I were poſſeſt with a Thouſand Devils, ſo I were not a Devil to my ſelf*: When ſome had told me that I had been Prayed for, I would Anſwer, *I was the leſs beholding to them, for it would but ſink me the deeper into Hell.* I would often ſay, *I was a thouſand times worſe than the Devil, for the Devil had never committed ſuch Sins as I had; for I had committed worſe Sins than the Sin againſt the Holy-Ghoſt*: ſome would anſwer, *The Scripture ſpeaks not*

of worſe ſins, and can you be guilty of greater Sins than the Scripture mentions? Yes, ſaid *I, My Sins are ſo great, that if all the Sins of all the Devils and Damned in Hell, and all the Reprobates on Earth were comprehended in one man; mine are greater; There is no word comes ſo near the comprehenſion of the dreadfulneſs of my Condition; as that, I am the Monſter of the Creation*: in this word *I* much delighted.

I would ſay, *Let him that thinks he ſtands, take heed leſt he fall: I once thought my ſelf to ſtand, but am miſerably fallen.*

When *I* was forc'd to be preſent at Duty, *I* would often ſtop my Ears, my Carriage was very rugged and croſs, contrary to my natural

temper; Here *I* practiſed many devices to make away my ſelf, ſometimes by Spiders (as before) ſometimes endeavouring to let my ſelf blood with a pair of ſharp ſizers, and ſo bleed to death; once when the Surgeon had let me blood, *I* went up into a Chamber and bolted the Door to me, and took off the Plaiſter and tyed my Arm, and ſet the Vein a bleeding again; which Mrs. *Walker* fearing, ran up ſtairs and got into the Chamber to me, *I* ſeeing her come in, ran into the Leads, and there my Arm bled upon the Wall; *Now* (ſaid *I*) *you may ſee there is the blood of a Curſed Reprobate.*

I pleaſed my ſelf, often, with contriving how to get into a Wood

Wood and dye there; and one morning *I* cunningly got out from my Couſins and went into *Smithfield*, where *I* walked up and down a great while, and knew not what to do; at laſt *I* tryed to hire a Coach but liked not the men there; then *I* went into *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, and asked a Coach-man what he would take to carry me to *Barnet*, (for then I meant to go into a Wood) but the man upon ſome ſmall occaſion ſadly Curſed and Swore, which ſtruck ſome Terrour into me, what thought *I*, muſt ſuch as this be my Companions for ever? and ſo went away from him; and found one with a good honeſt look, and with him *I* agreed; and was to give him

Eight

Eight Shillings; who carryed me a good way beyond *High-Gate*, and as *I* went along, *I* thought, am *I* now going to Converſe with Devils? with ſuch like Thoughts as theſe *I* was diſcouraged from going on; and called to the Coach-man, and prayed him to drive back again, and told him it was only a Melancholy Fancy: By theſe and ſeveral other ways *I* thought to put an End to my Life; but the watchful Eye of the Lord always graciouſly prevented me.

When *I* heard any dreadful thing cryed about the Streets in Books; *I* would ſay, *Oh what fearful things will be put out of me ere long in Books!* I would ſay, *I ſhould be called* Allen *that Curſed*

Curſed Apoſtate. When I had tryed many ways to make away my ſelf, and ſtill ſaw God prevented my deſigns; I would ſay to my ſelf; *Well, I ſee it cannot be, it muſt not be; God will have me come to ſome fearful End; and its fit it ſhould be ſo, that God may glorifie himſelf upon ſuch a wretched Creature.*

As I was going along the Streets, a Godly Miniſter paſſing by me; *Oh,* thought I, *with what horrour ſhall I ſee that face at the great day!* ſo would I think by many others of Gods people that I knew, either Relations or otherwiſe; I ſaid, *I exceedingly wondred that ſuch a Pious man as I heard my Father was, ſhould have ſuch a Child.*

I uſed

I uſed to ſay, *I would change conditions with* Julian, *and that he was a Saint in compariſon of me*; *Nay, That the Devil himſelf was a Saint compared with me*; I would ſay, *That the hotteſt place in Hell muſt be mine*; *nay, did you know me, you would ſay it were too good for me*; *tho' I poor Creature cannot think ſo.*

When I complained of thoſe dreadful Sins I ſaid I was guilty of; ſome would Ask me, *If I would be glad to be rid of 'em, and to be in another Condition?* *Yes*, ſaid I, *ſo had the Devils*; *who do you think would not be happy? but I cannot deſire it upon any other Account.* I would ſay, *I now ſaw that my Faith was only a Fancy, and that according to*

an

an Expreſſion of Mr. Baxters *in a Book of his ; That the Love I formerly had to God, was Carnal and Diabolical.*

I would ſay to my Couſin *Walker, Tho' I am a damned Reprobate, yet from me believe (for ſometimes the Devil ſpeaks Truth) that there is a God, and that his Word is true, and that there is a Devil, and that there is an Hell; which I muſt find by woful Experience.*

I would often Ask my Couſin *Walker, What thoſe that came to viſit me, thought of my Condition?* he would Anſwer, *Very well* ; I much wondred at it ; and would do what I could to diſcourage 'em from coming ; yet if at any time I thought they neglected me, I would

would be ſecretly troubled; as afterward I ſaid.

I was wont earneſtly to Enquire whether it was poſſible that the Child of ſuch a Mother as I could be ſaved; yet I would ſay I was without *Natural Affection*; that I Loved neither God nor Man; and that I was given up to work all manner of wickedneſs with greedineſs; *We ſee no ſuch thing by you*, would ſome ſay; I would Anſwer, I, but it is in my heart; *Why doth it not break out in Act?* ſay they, It will do ere long; ſaid I.

The Devil would bring many places of Scripture to my mind, eſpecially Promiſes; as I ſaid, to Jear me with them, becauſe once I thought I delighted in them;

but

but was miſerably miſtaken; which did much terrifie me.

I would with Dread think with my ſelf, if the men of *Beth-ſhemeſh* were ſo deſtroyed, 1 *Sam.* vi. 19. but for looking into the Ark, what will be my Condemnation that have ſo often medled with the Holy Ordinances of God, as the Word and Sacraments; and now proved to be only a *Curſed Hypocrite*, and nothing to do with them; I thought with my ſelf then, I would not partake of the Sacrament of the Lords Supper for a thouſand worlds.

When any Friend deſired me to go to hear the Word of God; I would earneſtly beg of them to let me alone, ſaying, I had Ser-

Sermons enough to Anſwer for already, and that it would add to my great Account; if they offer'd to compel me to go, I would deſire them to let me alone, and I would go with them the next time, if I lived till then; but my aim was to make away my ſelf juſt before the time came, for I thought I had better go to Hell ſooner, than hear the Word ſtill, and thereby encreaſe my Torment, and heap up wrath againſt the Day of wrath, as I often expreſt it.

I would ſometimes ſay to my Couſin *Walker*, will you not pity me, that muſt as ſure as that there is a God, for ever burn in Hell; I muſt Confeſs I am not to be pitied, for did you know

me

me, you would abhor me, and ſay Hell was too good for me; yet however pity me as I am your fellow-Creature; and once thought my ſelf not only a Woman but a Chriſtian, and tho' I was ſuch a dreadful wretch as now it appears; yet I did not know it, I verily thought my ſelf in a good condition; and when you ſee me come to my horrible End, which I am ſure will be ere long; tho' you muſt loath me, yet I ſay, pity me.

Yes he would ſay, *if I thought it was true I would pity you, but I do not believe it.* I uſed to ſay, God could not ſave me, and the reaſon I gave was; that God could not deny himſelf.

I found within my ſelf (as I

prehended) a ſcorning and jeering at Religion, and them that profeſt it, and a deſpiſing of 'em, when I came to the heighth of my diſtemper, the ſtrugling and fighting that was in me continually at firſt (while I combated with Satan) left me: When I complained how vile I was, my Friends would tell me, *It was not I, but the Devils Temptations*, I would Anſwer, No, it is from my ſelf; I am the Devil now, the Devil hath now done his work, he hath done tempting of me; he hath utterly overcome me: *Then why are you ſo troubled?* would ſome ſay; I would Anſwer, Have I not cauſe to be troubled, (think you) that am aſſuredly given up to the Devil and Eternally

nally Damn'd. I would write in ſeveral places on the walls with the point of my Sizers, *Woe, Woe, Woe and alaſs to all Eternity*; *I am undone, undone for ever, ſo as never any was before me.*

Upon ſome ſudden occaſion I would ſometimes ſmile, but when I did; I would exceedingly check my ſelf, and be the more troubled afterwards.

Mr. *Walker* endeavoured to get Mr. *Baxter* to come to me, but he ſtill miſſed of him when he came to Town; No, (ſaid I) God will not let Mr. *Baxter* come to ſuch a Wretch as I am; but I had then a ſecret deſire to ſee him, rather than any one elſe. And to my beſt remembrance my Couſin *Walker* told me that

he asked me if I would believe better of my ſelf, if Mr. *Baxter* told me my condition was ſafe; and that I anſwered, Yes.

When another Chriſtian Friend Mr. *Maſon*, brought me acquainted with any of Gods People, I would ſay, *Alaſs Mr.* Maſon, *you'l dearly repent this; and how muſt I Curſe you in Hell for all that you did in kindneſs to me.*

What is here writ of Mr. Blake *and Mr.* Maſon, *is but to hint what may be ſaid of my Carriage towards them.*

The next Spring which was in *May*, 1665. My Aunt *Wilſon* came up to *London*, being reſtleſs in her mind till ſhe ſaw me; when

when I heard that my Aunt was come to *High-Gate* to her Brother's Houſe, and did not come to *London* till Monday, I often ſaid I hoped to have ſeen my Aunt before I dyed; but now I ſhall not; this fire within me, will kindle and burn me before Monday; on Monday my Aunt came, I being taken with the firſt ſight of her, went with her to dinner to a Friends houſe in the *Old-Jury*; but was at my

Mr. *Hatt's* Houſe, who afterwards Married her.

old Language ſtill every Day, That the Fire would kindle within me and burn me: the Sickneſs then encreaſing, my Aunt reſolved to take me down again into the Countrey, which I was very glad of; for there I thought

I ſhould live more privately, and be leſs diſturbed ; (for ſo I accounted of the kind viſits of Friends.) A week before Midſummer we ſet forward toward *Darby-Shire*, and an uncomfortable Journey we had, for by the way I would not eat ſufficient to ſupport Nature ; when I was come to *Snelſtone* again, I was where I would be ; for there I could do what I pleaſed, with little oppoſition ; there I ſhunned all Company tho' they were my near Relations ; nor could I endure to be preſent at Prayer, or any other part of Gods Worſhip, nor to hear the ſound of reading, nor the ſight of a Book or Paper ; tho' it were but a Letter, or an Almanack.

The

The Lady *Baker* was pleaſed to write me ſeveral Letters which I would not ſo much as look on, nor hear read by others, one being brought me, and I preſt much to receive it, tore it in pieces. Nay I would ſtrike the Horn-book out of my Childs hand; but that would trouble me as ſoon as I had done it: I would wiſh I had never ſeen Book, or learned letter; I would ſay it had been happy for me if I had been born blind; daily repeating my accuſtomed Language, that I was a Curſed Reprobate, and the Monſter of the Creation.

One Sabbath-day being diſturbed about ſome ſmall trifle, I fell into violent paſſion; weeping

even

even to roaring, and cry'd out, I was made to be damn'd, God made me to that very end, to ſhew the power of his Juſtice more in me than in any other Creature.

My Aunt ſometimes would tell me; that my expreſſions were ſo dreadful ſhe knew not how to bear them; I would anſwer roundly, but what muſt I do then, that muſt feel them; I would often ſay to my Aunt, *Oh, you little know what a diſmal dark condition I am in; Methinks I am as dark as Hell it ſelf*: my Aunt would ſay, *Couſin, would you but believe you were melancholy it might be a great means to bring you out of this Condition*; *Melancholy*, would I ſay, *I have Cauſe to be Melan-*

Melancholy, that am as aſſuredly Damn'd as that there is a God; and no more hopes of me than of the Devils; I have more Cauſe to be Melancholy than they have, it's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Liviug God. *Heb.* x. *verſ.* 31.

My Aunt would perſuade me to ſeek God in the uſe of means, from that Argument of the reſolution of the four Lepers, in the 2 *King.* vii. 4. *I* would Anſwer with ſcorn, *I have heard that often enough.*

One fit my humour was ſuch, that when Friends would have argued with me about my condition, I would not ſpeak, but only give them ſome ſhort ſcornful Anſwer and no more; but I would

I would be ſometimes in one temper and ſometimes in another; my Aunt would take the advantage of my beſt humour, to talk with me then, and the main thing ſhe deſigned in moſt of her Arguments with me was, to convince me of the fallacy and deluſion that was in my Opinion; That it was ſo infallibly revealed to me that I was Damn'd; but alaſs all took no place with me; but when ſhe began to ſpeak with me of ſuch things, I would generally fling away in a great fume, and ſay; *Will you not let me alone yet, methinks you might let me have a little quiet while I am out of Hell*; this was almoſt my daily practice while I was with my Aunt: I was uſually very

very nimble in my Anſwers, and peeviſhly pettinacious to pleaſe my own croſs humour.

My Aunt told me ſhe believed God would not have exerciſed me ſo with Afflictions, from my Child-hood, if he intended to reject me at laſt; I anſwer'd, *Do you not remember what Mr.* Calamy *uſed to ſay, That unſanctified Afflictions par-boyle the Soul for hell*; *Oh*, ſaid I, *that I had gone to hell as ſoon as I had been born, (ſeeing I was born to be damned) and then I had not had ſo many ſins to have anſwer'd for, then I ſhould not have lived to be a Terrour to my ſelf and all that know me; and my Torments in Hell would have been far leſs.*

When

When my Grandmother had told me of the depths of the Mercy of God in Chriſt: I would anſwer with indignation; *What do you tell me of a Chriſt; it had been better for me if there had never been a Saviour, then I ſhould have gone to Hell at a Cheaper Rate.*

Towards Winter I grew to Eat very little, (much leſs than I did before) ſo that I was exceeding Lean; and at laſt nothing but Skin and Bones; (a Neighbouring Gentlewoman, a very diſcreet Perſon that had a great deſire to ſee me, came in at the back-door of the Houſe unawares and found me in the Kitchen, who after ſhe had ſeen me, ſaid to Mrs. *Wilſon*, *She cannot live*, *ſhe*

ſhe hath death in her face) I would ſay ſtill that every bit I did Eat haſtned my Ruin ; and that I had it with a dreadful Curſe ; and what I Eat encreaſed the Fire within me, which would at laſt burn me up ; and I would now willingly live out of Hell as long as I could.

Thus ſadly I paſſed that Winter, and towards Spring I began to Eat a little better.

This Spring in *April*, 1666. my good Friends Mr. *Shorthoſe* and his Wife, whoſe Company formerly I much delighted in, came over, and when I heard they were come and were at their Brothers houſe, half a mile off, and would come thither the Fryday after ; *Ah*, ſays I, *that I dreaded*,

dreaded, I cannot endure to ſee him, nor hear his voice ; I have told him ſo many dreadful Lyes ; (meaning what I had formerly told him of my experiences, and, as I thought, infallible evidences of the Love of God towards me ; and now believed my ſelf to be the vileſt Creature upon Earth) *I cannot ſee his face* ; and wept tenderly, wherewith my Aunt was much affected, and promiſed that when he came he ſhould not ſee me ; (I would have ſeen neither of them, but eſpecially my He-Couſin) On the Fryday, ſoon after they came in, they asked for me, but my Aunt put them off till after Dinner, and then told them, ſhe had engaged her word they ſhould not ſee me

me, and that if ſhe once broke her promiſe with me, I would not believe her hereafter; with ſuch perſuaſions ſhe kept them from ſeeing me, but not ſatisfied them; for that Night Mr. *Short-hoſe* was much troubled, and told his Wife if he had thought they muſt not have ſeen me, he would ſcarce have gone to *Snelſtone*; the next day they Supped at Mr. *Robert Archer*'s Houſe, Mrs. *Wil-ſon*'s Brother that then lived in the ſame Town, where my Aunt Supped with them; at the Table ſomething was ſaid of their not ſeeing Mrs. *Allen*, but after Sup-per Mr. *Shorthoſe* and his Wife ſtole away from the Company to Mrs. *Wilſons*, where they came in at the back-ſide of the Houſe

Houſe ſuddenly into the Kitchen where I was; but aſſoon as I ſaw them, I cryed out in a violent manner ſeveral times; *Ah, Aunt* Wilſon *haſt thou ſerv'd me ſo!* and ran into the Chimney and took up the Tongs; *No*, ſaid they, *Your Aunt knows not of our coming*; *What do you do here?* ſaid I, *We have ſomething to ſay to you*, ſaid they, *but I have nothing to ſay to you*, ſaid I, Mr. *Short-hoſe* took me by the hand and ſaid, *Come, come, lay down thoſe Tongs and go with us into the Parlour*, which I did, and there they diſcourſed with me, till they had brought me to ſo calm and friendly a temper, that when they went, I accompanied them to the door and ſaid; *Methinks*

I am

I am loth to part with them; Mr. *Shorthose* having so good encouragement, came the next day again, being Sabbath day after Dinner, and prevailed with me to walk with him into an Arbour in the Orchard, where he had much discourse with me, and amongst the rest he entreated me to go home with him; which after long persuasions both from him and my Aunt, I consented to, upon this condition, that he promised me, *he would not compell me to any thing of the Worship of God, but what he could do by persuasion*; and that week I went with them, where I spent that Summer; in which time it pleased God by Mr.

Shorthoſe's means to do me much good both in Soul and Body; he had ſome skill in Phyſick himſelf, and alſo conſulted with Phyſicians about me; he kept me to a courſe of Phyſick moſt part of the Summer, except when the great heat of the Weather prevented, I began much to leave my dreadful expreſſions concerning my condition, and was preſent with them at duty; and at laſt they prevailed with me to go with them to the publick Ordinance, and to walk with them to viſit Friends, and was much alter'd for the better.

A Fortnight after *Michaelmas* my Aunt fetch'd me home again to *Snelſton*, where I paſſed that

that Winter much better than formerly, and was pretty conformable and orderly in the Family; and the next Summer was much after the ſame manner, but grew ſtill ſomething better; and the next Winter likewiſe ſtill mending though but ſlowly, till the Spring began, and then I changed much from my retiredneſs, and delighted to walk with Friends abroad.

And this Spring it pleaſed God to provide a very ſuitable Match for me, one Mr. *Charles Hatt*, a Widdower living in *Warwickſhire*; with whom I live very comfortably, both as to my inward and outward man; my husband being one that truly fears God.

As my Melancholy came by degrees, ſo it wore off by degrees, and as my dark Melancholy bodily diſtempers abated, ſo did my ſpiritual Maladies alſo, and God convinced me by degrees; that all this was from Satan, his deluſions and temptations, working in thoſe dark and black humors, and not from my ſelf, and this God cleared up to me more and more; and accordingly my love to, and delight in Religion, increaſed; and it is my deſire that, leſt this great Affliction ſhould be a ſtumbling-block to any, it may be known, (ſeeing my Caſe is publiſh'd) that I evidently perceive that God did it in much mercy and faithfulneſs to my Soul; and

though

though for the preſent it was a bitter Cup, yet that it was but what the only wiſe God ſaw I had need of according to that place, 1 *Pet.* i. 6. *Tho' now for a ſeaſon, if need be, ye are in heavineſs through manifold Temptations.* Which Scripture did much comfort me under my former Afflictions in my firſt Husbands days.

Theſe Promiſes which are here ſet down were great ſupports and refreſhments to me in the time of my various Temptations and Afflictions all along, till I fell into deep deſpair, for from my Child-hood, God Exerciſed me with manifold Trials.

Iſaiah, xliii. 1, 2.

BUT now thus ſaith the Lord that Created thee, O Jacob, *and he that formed thee, O* Iſrael, *fear not for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy Name, thou art mine.* Verſ. 2. *When thou paſſeſt through the Waters, I will be with thee, and through the Rivers*

James v. 11.

Behold we count them happy which Endure; ye have heard of the Patience of Job, *and have ſeen the End of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.*

1 John, iv. 4.

Ye are of God, little Children; and have overcome them, becauſe greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the World.

THE END.